

the two of them

by 2mockingbirds

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Summary: It never gets boring with the two of them, expecially not for them. The first times they met had been ...interesting to say the least. But somehow they became friends and now share their every day life with one another. And now, slowly but noticably, some things are changing. And again things are getting interesting.

1. Prologue

He takes a deep breath. His eyes closed, the screeching of the non-marking shoes on the hall boards rings in his ears. The light and quick steps behind his back tell him that Hinata is running up on the right side of the net.

"Toss, now!", he shouted.

In a split second the redhead will be at the highest point of his jump, expecting a perfect pass as always.

Kageyama Tobio opens his eyes.

The king of the court has work to do.

* * *

><p>When Kageyama first met the boy who was to become his best friend in less than a year, he was pissed off to no end.<p>

In fact, the small redhead with his loud voice and giddy behaviour were beyond annoying. And when that guy actually had the nerve to challenge him and proclaim that he intended to win the game they were fighting, he nearly snapped " the audacity!

As annoyed as we was, when Kageyama watched the redhead jump to spike that one match point... Even though the ball did miss, even though the other team did not score, Kageyama was shocked. He was shocked

into respecting Hinata.

So, after the match he could not stop himself from snapping at the small opponent. But what Hinata mistook for anger at his failure was at least halfway admiration.

"What have you done the past 3 years?!", Kageyama remembers shouting. The redhead froze in shock, scared by the anger on Kageyama's face. Because of his fear he could only open his mouth silently and stare.

Both have forgotten by now, but Hinata still owes his dark haired friend the answer to the actual question: "How did you become this good, how are you this talented? Why have you never been to a match before?!"

* * *

><p>Only a few months later they met again.<p>

And this time around it was Hinata who really wasn't happy about how things had turned out. Hadn't he just sworn to himself to get stronger and then win against that "king"?! How dare he try to join the same team as Hinata!? It quickly turned out that not only did he have to deal with the tall, dark haired broody boy, he had to cooperate with him.

But Hinata is not one to give up his goal. And after all what he really wanted was to play in a championship as the best spiker of the team.

So he had to prioritize.

The decision was easy: He wanted to join the Club more than anything.

An apparently so did Kageyama.

So, every day, every free minute, they practised.

Their sempais were so nice as to help them and they even got to play on the real court, which made Hinata very excited. And the "king of the court" didn't turn out to be such a bad person after all.

He helped the redhead as much as he could. He wasn't always nice about it and never forgiving but Kageyama, too worked to his limits. And although he was very reluctant about it, he did finally toss that one pass for Hinata. And it had felt so good. The moment his hand connected with the ball, the thrill of the jump and the rewarding sound of the ball hitting the wooden boards. After nearly a week of being trained by his sempais and the setter he had gotten Kageyama's approval. He was somewhat proud of that, though he would never ever admit it.

But it wasn't just that one pass.

During their game against the other first years Hinata realized something else.

The moment Kageyama turned to him and told him to jump and go for the

spike no matter what, Hinata was annoyed again. That seemed to be quiet the thing with him and the black haired boy.

How could that idiot think he would believe and trust him that deeply just like that? How could that cold bastard just stand there and ask him to make a fool out of himself?

"No.", he suddenly though. " Kageyama wouldn't do that. He wants to win just as much as I do, if not more!" He had realized that to his team mate the stakes of this game were even higher: He was risking his chance of ever playing the position of the setter again.

"You better be good, Kageyama.", he thought.

So Hinata closed his eyes and jumped to meet the ball Kageyama was tossing to him so perfectly. It was at that moment that the redhead realized this:

Kageyama was a very good setter. If not the best he had ever seen or heard of.

He, Hinata, was now fully dependant on said boy to do the spike attacks he so loved.

He realized the potential their connection held, even if it meant that he needed the other to play.

He also noticed that he really didn't mind too much.

* * *

><p>In the following weeks their bond continued to grow stronger and stronger. Kageyama and Hinata were practising every day and sometimes stayed behind after practice to work on the synchronized quick spike some more.<p>

And if one were to ask the other team members what they thought of the duo, they would have said something along the lines of: "I can't believe how those two are actually two separate people. It's freaky scary!"

It wasn't just on the field they seemed to have synchronized.

Every time Hinata saw Kageyama walking somewhere, he would challenge him to a sprint. He never had to say a word in order to do so.

They ate lunch together in school and walked home together as far as they could, sometimes not exchanging a single word. Although the redhead seemed to prefer talking.

Kageyama was never too fond of how Hinata seemed to become hyperactive every time something excited him. So he would (silently) tell him to stop and stop he would. At some point thought Kageyama stopped stopping his friend. "One really can get used to anything.", he mused.

Because friends they were now.

Running to the same beat, breathing to the same rhythm, acknowledging the other's achievements and remarking upon his mistakes. All the way

never forgetting to bicker whenever they could.

Hinata never minded, because after all this time he had somebody to bicker about volleyball with. And he could feel how he got better at playing everyday.

Kageyama stopped caring, because somehow he enjoyed being the redhead's friend. Any differences between them seemed to disappear when Hinata yet again asked for "Just one more!"

Their minds focused as one, their hearts beating as one.

Jump. Toss. Score.

* * *

><p>The volleyball touches Kageyama's fingers, then his whole hand. He lowers his arms slightly towards his face. A split second he spends thinking of Hinata. Where his feet are at that moment, already stretching for the jump. His right arm raised behind his head. Kageyama's arms stretch out, his whole body slightly lifting off the ground.<p>

The ball flies in a straight line and connects with Hinata's hand, already swishing through the air. Again it is a perfect pass and before one can blink the pang! of the ball on the other side on the net signals a point for the two friends.

But it isn't just any point this time - it was the match point of their practice match.

Ecstatic Hinata is jumping up and down, cheering for himself and the team.

"I've done it! We've done it! KARASUNOOOOO!", his face splits into the broad smile it sports so often.

>This time even Kageyama can't quite hold back the happiness.<p>

"Oi!", he holds his hand out to Hinata, smirking at him slightly. It takes a moment for the redhead to register that his grumpy friend is asking for a high five. His smile broadens further to a point you wouldn't believe it to be possible. He holds his hand out in the same fashion, still slightly unsure if he interpreted the gesture right.

But a loud clap echoes through the gymnasium and Kageyama's dark eyes sparkle before he turns around to fend off Tsukishima's snide remark on royal emotions.

Hinata, left on his own, can't help but notice the stinging sensation in his right hand.

Mesmerized he stares at his reddened palm.

"It feels just as good as one of the perfect spikes.", he thinks. "Just as good..." But before he can dwell on that any further Nishinoya jumps onto his back to celebrate their victory.

With another smile in Kageyama's direction Hinata clenches his right

fist to keep the prickly feeling there as long as he can and punches it into the air in celebration.

2. 1 - All smiles and sunshine

Disclaimer: I don't own nothing... I also don't like disclaimers.

\(^_^)/

This story was written simply because I could not for the life of me find any Kagehina story that was written in a novelish style/length and I felt this fandom needed one. If you do know one, please don't hesitate to tell me!

Also, I am only loosely sticking to the actual story events so bare with me.

And thirdly, I have myself been the member of a Japanese Volleyball Club (in Japan of course) and Haikyuu! is very special to me. If I am getting carried away with everyday club life, please think of it as educational if you wish. And do ask, if there is something you would like to know about this topic.

Thank you for reading this.

* * *

><p>The two of them walked home together after the chartered bus had dropped them off in front of Karasuno High School.<p>

They skipped their usual after-training Nikuman in favour of going home to a well-deserved shower. After all, they were the new stars of the team; kept forgetting about that, though. Which was a not essentially a bad thing, seeing as Hinata would have been even more nervous (if possible that is).

But for now they were walking in happy companionship.

Hinata was going on about one thing...

>"Did you see that one spike I did in the middle of the second set? That was pretty cool, I never managed that before. There even was a little spin to it!"<p>

...or another...

"The other day my mother made Okonomiyaki. She used a recipe from an aunt from Osaka, so it's the real thing and it was sooooo good like you wouldn't believe!"

...without bothering to stop and see if Kageyama was listening.

Said boy was indeed paying little attention to the exact words of Hinata, preoccupied with his own thoughts. But he did have one thing down to an art: listening to Hinata's tone of voice. By now he could tell from the way the redhead's voice rose, grew loud or conspirational, just at what point he was to nod, or "hmpf", or "hmhh" to keep the other talking. Which also wasn't half as annoying as it sounded.

But that day he actually did have something on his mind.

He wanted to compliment Hinata.

Kageyama felt a little (really, just a little) bad for always being so hard on him and he did in all honesty think that his little friend had improved a lot lately. Therefore he intended to say so, which was what you are supposed to do anyways, as far as he knew.

For any other person that would not have been something one needed to think about. Kageyama could just picture how Suga-san pats Hinata on the shoulder and smiles at him saying something cheesy like "I'm proud of you, Hinata, you did really well today."

No, no; he shivered. He couldn't do that, no way.

In his frustration he had started walking faster without realizing.

"Oi! Kageyama!", Hinata shouted behind him, trying to push his bicycle faster in order to keep up. "Slow down a little, will ya!?"

So abruptly interrupted in his mulling, the taller boy just stopped dead in his tracks, causing Hinata to run head on into his back.

"Ow, Kageyama. What did you do that for?", Hinata pouted while rubbing his sore nose.

"Eh... w-well", the other stuttered. Kageyama awkwardly turned around and blushed slightly.

"I just realized, that you... um... have gotten a lot better recently... that is, you improved you serves and receives and æ|"

He looked at his friend. Who in return stared back questioningly, the setting sun making his hair shimmer more golden than usual.

"...erh... you... did well today.", Kageyama finished quiet lamely he thought and was about to facepalm himself. Halfway to punish himself for his stupidity, halfway to hide the blush that was creeping up his neck again. He stopped however, when he noticed something about his otherwise so far rather silent redheaded friend.

Hinata was not smiling at him.

He was staring into Kageyama's eyes without blinking, as if to find something there.

After a few (agonizing) seconds he said very quietly: "You.. you mean that."

>It was a statement rather than a question. And when the realization finally hit Hinata, the expected smile spread widely across his face. The setting sun caught in his brown eyes and made them sparkle even more. His still slightly red nose crinkled with his smile, his hair the colour of fire in the light, his eyelashes the same shade framing his eyes.<p>

When he caught himself staring, Kageyama turned his face away and stared intently at a street light that was just coming to life.

"Don't make such a fuzz over it.", he grumbled, but it somewhat lacked enthusiasm.

"Thank you though!", Hinata said and playfully punched him in the arm. "I appreciate it."

And with that he hopped on his bike and rode off toward his home on the other side of the hills, calling a "See you Monday!" over his shoulder.

* * *

><p>Kageyama was left to himself. Absent-mindedly he rubbed his arm where he'd just gotten punched and allowed himself the smallest smile. And quickly wiped it off his face again. Who would smile just because that moron was being childish again?! Definitely not Kageyama Tobio.<p>

Even so, he could not forget that blazing smile his friend had given him.

After thinking about it repeatedly on Sunday, Kageyama decided that he had to ask Hinata what toothpaste he used. Maybe it would do him some good, give him some nice and white teeth like the little spiker. On the other hand he couldn't really think of any way to get his eye to be as sparkly and bright as Hinata's. So no new friends for him if he smiled nicely-

"Well, maybe that's fine like it is now.", he said to himself. "That's just how Hinata is, wouldn't suit me as well anyways."

And with that he could let it go.

* * *

><p>Sometimes Hinata just couldn't help himself.<p>

Of course he knew that sometimes he was too loud, too energetic, too much for some people to take. But he just didn't like to keep things to he rather shared them with the world. After all, a sorrow shared is a sorrow halved, right? And if it applied to sadness, you should also be able to share happiness, right...right?

>"Not half it though. Maybe you shouldn't take the saying literally in that case...", he mused.<p>

"Right, where was I?!", abruptly he interrupted himself. Sometimes concentrating was hard for Hinata, too. There were just so many things that puzzled him, made him curious, or happy, so he couldn't just stop thinking of them. The only time he was ever really and totally focused was during volleyball, and he was a little proud of that, too.

In class, even though not a dull grey, he wasn't the brightest crayon in the box. He knew that and was ok with it.

But in volleyball he wanted to excel so badly, sometimes it hurt in his chest - like when he thought of the "small giant".

So he gave it his very everything, not just for himself but also for the team. Without the team, he was nothing, he made that experience before and did sooo not want to relive it. The Karasuno Volleyball Club had become his friends that he would do anything for. He felt so good every time he was on the court with them to practise or play.

But without Kageyama, he would be of no value to the team. That thought sometimes made him sad, other times it made him happy. Because it also meant that Kageyama knew and helped him as best as he could and that they were a team within the team and he never had had a friend like this before, that he could rely on 101% and it made him all fuzzy and warm inside sometimes and he ... was babbling in his mind.

>"Stop, Hinata. Homework!", he told himself off and buried his head into his textbook again.<p>

Sometimes he wanted to return the favour to his best friend Kageyama. The broody boy always made Hinata happy by tossing to and for him.

>But Kageyama rarely seemed happy and barely ever smiled and THAT Hinata did not like.<p>

So he tried to come up with ways of getting his best friend to do all the things that he never did but the redhead did all the more. Like: Laugh out loud, or make jokes, or goof around with him like Nishinoya did, or even let a smile tug at his lips, or even just relax for a second. It was outright frustrating sometimes. And it was even worse when Hinata knew, and he could read Kageyama so well by now, he always knew. It was even worse when Kageyama WAS happy and feeling good but the dumbass still wouldn't show it. Just because he needed to be cool or something.

"Blllllshit!", Hinata gnawed through his teeth, homework forgotten again.

"I am going to make it my own personal mission to make that idiot smile and happy â€" take that Bakageyama, I will not lose to you!"

3. 2 - a certain Saturday morning

So... I didn't really know how I wanted to translate "kami" here. It usually goes as "gods" but I don't like that. The other well known option is "spirits" but that makes me feel like I just put the two of them into a Tales Of Setting and that's now what I am going for. So, I'll just stick with kami. You guys probably know what it means anyways.

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Soon a weekend came around where there were no matches and Daiichi-sempai cancelled practice. After all the hard work they had put in, he had said, everybody needed two days off to see their

families in the sunlight again for once and relax a bit.
While this was warmly embraced by Tanaka and Nishinoya ("Yusss... a day for gaming a ungodly amounts of food!") and on the other side of the spectrum not frowned upon by Tsukishima, a certain duo was most certainly not amused.

>"Whaaaaat?!", they cried in unison. " But..."
All complaints were instantly smothered by a glare from the captain. He was not having any of that, HE needed that weekend off, too.

>Scared but still angry the two firstyears bowed their heads in (polite) defeat. But their conspirational glances at each other went unnoticed by Daiichi, who in all honestly did not really care. If volleyball was all the two of them could think of he was going to let them knock themselves out.<p>

And so it should be.

* * *

><p>The next morning a very cold Hinata was waiting in his tracksuit for a just a little late Kageyama. The redhead was standing at a crossroad on the outskirts of town where they had decided to meet on Saturday to practice. Since playing volleyball with only two people really is not that much fun and chasing after the ball is bound to get annoying after the um-teenth time, they settled for fitness and maybe a little strategy training later on.<p>

Even though they were usually coming into summer around this time of the year, the hills and mountain covered in forests kept the damp sort of cold in. The kind that crawls up your feet once you leave the house and makes the morning breeze sting your cheeks. But once the sun climbed over the hills and filled the valleys slowly with light, like a bathtub being filled with water, the warmth would chase the chill away.

But the two of them had been ambitious again and decided to meet at 7 o'clock, so right now Hinata was jumping up and down, determined to keep his toes alive.

* * *

><p>10 minutes past the full hour Kageyama turned the corner and greeted his friend with a mumbled "Oss."
To which Hinata only replied with a disgruntled nod, too cold to complain. Threats never sounded very convincing when spoken with chattering teeth anyway.

Silently the two of them started off into the general direction of the fields.

Quickly they fell into step next to each other, jogging away in a steady rhythm. Their loud breathing was nearly the only sound to be heard, a few birds chirping away but in the rice fields animals tended to be rare.

"Oi, Hinata", Kageyama asked after 20minutes. "You know where ...we are headed, right?"

He didn't really trust the redhead when it came to directions, once having gotten lost on his usual way back home from school because he got distracted by a squirrel.

"Yes, of course!", the smaller replied, only slightly offended. "I thought it would be nice ...*huff*... you know, because we have this match coming up with Nekoma â€| *huff*... to go to a shrine and ask for good luck. This one always was my grandfather's favourite. He ...*huff*... he said, he once saw the kami of the mountain there."

"Un.", came the only reply, Kageyama himself slightly out of breath.

Soon they turned right onto a path leading up a hill covered in thick forest. It was quiet steep and Hinata with his short legs and shorter steps good a few meters ahead of Kageyama, who was struggling to adjust his long stride to the climb.

Almost automatically he sped up until they were besides each other again, but now Hinata just had to speed up too and this as always escalated to a race up the hill both boys were eager to win.

In the end they never figured out who reached the shrine first because within sight of the shrine the tall setter stumbled over a root that stood out from the ground and fell on top of the little spiker, who was in front of him at that time.

"Bakageyama! Get off me, you ...!", Hinata yelled, his face nearly pressed into the mud. "You're heavy, move!"

"S-Sorry.", his friend quickly got up and helped him to his feet. Kageyama gave the redhead a quick once-over glance. He was covered in mud from his knees up to his chin, fortunately having saved his face from the same fate.

"Look what you did, loser. This time I win, just for this!", the redhead said and pointed at his mud-caked chest.

"I said I'm sorry!", a slightly blushing Kageyama replied. Blushing even more he started taking off his shirt.

"H-HEY, what are you DOING?", Hinata squeaked, jumping back one step.

>"I am giving you my shirt, you blockhead!", Kageyama ground out through clenched teeth but stopped undressing nonetheless. "I got it dirty after all."<p>

"THIS IS NO FECKING SHOJO MANGA, KAGEYAMA!", Hinata yelled but could stop himself from laughing. "You are quite a gentleman for a king - " "Stop calling me that!" "- but no way am I putting on your sweaty t-shirt." Instead he used his dirty hands to smear some dirt onto the front of the taller boy's shirt.

"There, we're even."

Kageyama's face shifted from shock to anger and finally settled for resignation.

"Alright...", he sighed, and then added a second thought. "What do YOU know about shoujo manga? Do you actually read that sappy stuff?"

Hinata stuck out his tongue and turned to walk the last few steps to the shrine.

"Natsu has lots of them and made me read some. They actually are quiet good reference."

Kageyama just snorted, following. "Reference for what? Diabetes?"

"No, Bakageyama!", the redhead shot back. "For girls, of course. How to ask them out and stuff. And what they like. They are mostly written by girls, you know."

The taller stopped in his steps, when his heart faltered for a beat. Why was he feeling so funny all of a sudden? Did he hit his head on something while falling? He shook his head dismissively.

* * *

><p>Hinata was already standing in front of the little shrine.<p>

I was basically just a faded out once red Torii-gate and one of the smallest stone altars Kageyama had ever seen with a just as tiny box for the offerings. Behind it was a beautifully twisted cedar tree with a rope wrapped around its stem once.

"You wanna pray?", he asked.

"Yeah, let's pray for the team.", the redhead answered solemnly.

There was a short pause.

"Did you bring any 5Y coins?", Hinata asked timidly.

The taller boy sighed in exasperation. "I didn't know we were gonna go see a shrine. Why didn't you pack some coins?", he said in a dangerously calm voice.

"Eh, yeah...", Hinata mumbled horrified and after a few seconds of fumbling through his pockets, he produced a 50Y coin instead. "Do you think, this will do? It has a hole in the middle and a 5 in the number? And it's worth more..."

"That is not what giving 5Y is about, idiot.", Kageyama replied and had to stop his hand from slapping the smaller one on the back of his head. "But who cares, whatever spirit this shrine is for probably will do anything just to get us to shut up and leave."

So Hinata tossed the coin into the box and it hit the bottom with a loud thud sound, apparently not many people came here. In unison, they bowed twice, clapped twice and then bowed again, hands in front of their faces and silently asked for a good game against Nekoma. When he was done, Kageyama bowed again and stepped back, waiting for his friend that was still quiet in prayer. What an unusual sight, he thought.

When said friend finally lifted his head, Kageyama couldn't stop himself from being nosey.

"What took you so long? If you ask too many things the spirits get

annoyed."

Hinata turned around, ears red and said: "I asked to help me et... a..." with his voice getting quieter and quieter as he went along.

"Spit it out.", the setter said, eyebrow nearly twitching, suddenly wishing for the same quiet weekend Daiichi-sempai had talked about the day before.

"I asked to helped me get a significant other.", he repeated, face heating up even further.

"Ts." Kageyama was suddenly very interested in his shoes. "Stop trying to be fancy, throwing words like "significant other" around when you don't know what it means."

"I know what it means.", the redhead protested. "I just think that it sound very middle-school to say girlf..."

And that was the very moment the sky opened up and out of the not so very blue any more it started pouring like there was no tomorrow.

4. 3 - washing away with the rain

A rather long one this time...

>The story so far has mainly been a run-up to the actual main events, I apologize if you're starting to get bored! It's getting more interesting from here on, but there's also still a little way to go.<p>

Thanks for reading and feel free to give feedback. Either by commenting or simply subscribing to the story. Means a lot and stuff ;)

* * *

><p>They were drenched from head to toe within seconds. The heavy downpour beat down so hard it even cleaned most of the mud stains from the boys' shirts. The rain that day seemed to be one of the more experienced ones. And this one was also prepared to run a marathon.<p>

Since there was no point in trying to wait it out underneath one of the trees, Hinata decided that sprinting home was the best they could do.

>"Hurry up, Bakageyama!", he shouted over the loud splattering of the raindrops. "Daiichi-sempai will kill us if we get sick now."<p>

With that mental image in mind the didn't stop until they reached the front door of Hinata's house only a few kilometres away.

Panting hard Hinata rung the doorbell, the taller boy standing next to him beneath the small porch. A few moments passed. Hinata rung the bell again.

"Oi, what's wrong idiot? Why don't you open the door?", Kageyama asked, shivering.

"I didn't bring my key. I don't like the way it hits my leg through the pocket with every step.", the redhead replied, ringing the bell again three times. "My Mum said she'd be home at this time though. She only wanted to do a little shopping with Natsu in town."

Noticing his friends unease at the absence of his family he slapped Hinata on the back hard enough to make him stumble forward.
>"Then get the hidden keys and call your Mum!"<p>

"O...Oh. Right, I'll get them.", the redhead mumbled and only took 2 minutes to open the front door with the key from behind the letter box.

The two of them finally entered the house and both sighed in contentment. Inside promised no more rain, a hot shower and a warm drink. Also, it simply was 5Â°C warmer inside.

* * *

><p>"Hold on a second.", Hinata said over his shoulder already on his way down the hallway. Seconds later a towel was tossed into Kageyama's face, who grabbed it and started to dry himself enough to enter the house without turning the floor into a swimming pool, like Hinata had just attempted. From next door, he figured it was the kitchen, he could hear his friend's voice on the phone.<p>

"Hey Mum, where are you? I was worried? â€| Uh-hu â€| Is Natsu ok? I know she said she was too big now to be scared of thunderstorms any more but..." He laughed loudly for a bit. "So you will be back tomorrow? I can't believe this rain isn't supposed to stop before tonight. Okok, tell auntie I say hi! Oh, by the way, Kageyama is here, too. We ran home in the rain and I wanted to ask if..." Suddenly Hinata was cut off and Kageyama could hear his friend's mother yelling through the phone.

"Do NOT let you friend go outside in this storm, you hear me young man?! Call his parents, say that he is staying over. There is enough food in the freezer for the two of you, warm something up, will you. And have a hot shower before you catch a cold, sweetheart!" Kageyama could not help but think that the last endearment sounded more of a threat than anything else.

Hinata's still dripping head appeared through the door frame.

"You heard the woman.", he smirked. "You are stuck with me until tomorrow. Now call your parents while I go shower. It always takes a little to warm up properly but I'm used to that." He threw the receiver at his friend who nearly dropped it.

Grunting a yes, the tall boy typed in his home number as he watched Hinata walk off to what he assumed was the direction of the bathroom. Even he had to smile a little, when he realized that even though it was soaked, the smaller boy's hair was still sticking up at odd angles. Listening to the waiting beeps of the phone, his gaze involuntarily dropped lower, noticing how the again-white shirt clung to the small frame of his friend's upper body. He was not as frail as Kageyama had always thought. In fact, the setter was so surprised, that he nearly missed his father answering the phone.

"Wha- Oh, hi Dad! I'm fine, I'm at Hinata's house. See, it's not supposed to stop raining any time soon, do you mind if I stay over?"

* * *

><p>A few minutes later found Kageyama standing under the spray of the hot shower in a very quiet and simple sort of happiness. Hinata had left him some spare clothes outside and the promise to make hot chocolate, the water on his skin was hot and the shower gel he had just used smelled like the little redhead always did. This might have sounded weird to some people but to Kageyama Tobio it was just a sign that this was really the house of his best friend and it made him feel comfortable. Which then in itself made him feel uncomfortable because being at ease just was not his thing. All in all, it was ok and he supposed it was going to be fun. He hadn't really had many sleepovers since he was in primary school.<p>

He lowered his head and let the hot water wash over his neck and shoulders.

As he was relaxing his gaze wandered to the drain of the shower and he noticed a few orange hairs stuck in there.

"Just like Hinata.", he thought. "Forgot to clean up properly."

He bowed down to eye his object of interest more closely.

"He really is incredibly ginger, especially for a Japanese.", Kageyama mused. "His sister seems to have the same hair colour, according to the pictures in the hallway that is. I guess it is natural then after a..." Just at that moment he spotted a hair that was rather curly and his head snapped back. Realizing just what he had been thinking about there, he quickly turned off the water and fled the shower.

Embarrassed by his own thoughts Kageyama needed a few seconds... minutes to calm down. He dried himself off and dressed in the clothes Hinata had left for him. The jumper fit quite nicely; it probably was the biggest one his friend owned, but the sweatpants were a little short and he rolled them up to stop them from looking overly ridiculous.

Then he was towelling his hair into dryness-oblivion, trying to get the thoughts from just then out of his mind. What was he doing thinking about Hinata's private parts? That was none of his business and it was just going to make him even more awkward around his redheaded friend than he already was. He was always at least a little uncomfortable when it came to people, the least during volleyball of course. Next on the list was when with Hinata who most of the time made him feel at ease. But then there were times like these, when Kageyama was thinking funny things or the towel he was rubbing against his face subconsciously, smelled of the same laundry detergent as the clothes he was wearing, Hinata's clothes.

Annoyed with himself again for letting his thoughts wander down the same path (something he could deal with, rather than embarrassment), he took them by the hand like stray children and let them back to the safety of kindergarten.

Kageyama himself got up and went to join Hinata in the kitchen where he was making the hot chocolates as promised.

* * *

><p>The rest of the day went day in a daze, both fast and seemingly not at all. They ate the left-over food and then some, played a few games, got a little bored and, when it got dark, decided to watch horror films.<p>

It being the two of them, they had to turn it into a competition of who got scared easiest. So they set up the scenery, closed the blinds, got tea and sweets and turned off all the lights in the living room where they sat down on the well loved couch next to each other.

"Oi, Hinata, scared already?", Kageyama teased when he saw how his friend had positioned himself: his knees to his chest with his arms wrapped around them.

"Am not.", Hinata shot back drily.

"So this is just how you like to sit?", the taller boy's smirk widened. "Like a child?!"

"Do you even know how uncomfortable it is to be small and not having you feet touch the ground when you sit? You just get into the habit of sitting like this!" This seemed to be a very touchy subject to Hinata and Kageyama backed off quickly.

"O- Oh wow..."

"Of course you don't, you lucky tall bas -", Hinata cut himself off and switched his mood gears just like that. "Sorry, this is just too close to home. Let's start that stupid film now! I wanna see you get scared, Bakageyama!"

Said boy was once again taken aback by the sudden change in his friend's mood. One tended to forget that the small redhead had a lot more to him than his excited and happy side. Somehow Kageyama felt a warmth rise up inside just then, thinking about how sometimes he got to see those rare sides of his friend. Not many did.

* * *

><p>Only half an hour later they were well into the first film they had picked. It was a dark one that kept on playing tricks with the viewers' minds, a real psycho thriller.<p>

The room had the perfect ambiance for that sort of story. It was dark, the rain was still pouring outside and tapping on the windows like fingers while howling with the voice of the wind. The house was empty except for the two of them, creaking a little in the storm every now and then. It was the perfect night for a horror film, only it was ruined a little by the constant laughter and snickering of two young boys on the couch.

They were indeed watching the film, paying attention and all but for some reason they could not find it scary at all. Every little flaw in

the story line made them crack up, bad backdrops made Hinata gasp for air, horrible acting made Kageyama's smile split his face in two halves.

All the while the laughter and cramps in their stomach muscles made them bounce on the small couch. Most of the time their shoulders would bump into one another. No one mentioned anything. They watched another film before going to bed.

* * *

><p>"This is our first sleepover together, Kageyama!", Hinata said. Well, he tried to shout in excitement but all the loud talking and laughing during the films had worn out his voice and he couldn't get past a loud whisper any more.<p>

"What about the training camp during Golden Week?", Kageyama supplied, his voice just as bad. "We all stayed over in the same rooms then."

"Yeah, but we didn't get to like .. hang out. We played volleyball all day, which is great, but it wasn't just you and me." the redhead specified while getting the extra futon out from underneath his bed.

"Hn."

"I'm glad I know you, you know."

"...Hn."

Hinata noticed the slight change in tone in Kageyama's voice and smiled happily.

"Oi, idiot what are you doing?", the setter suddenly asked. Hinata had just started pulling his own mattress down from the bed.

"It'll be just like at the camp!", he beamed.

"No, don't do that. Just sleep in you bed idiot and save yourself the effort." Kageyama didn't quite know why he was so flat out refusing Hinata's idea. After all it meant that there would be no fighting about who got to sleep where. But he somehow felt uncomfortable sleeping so close to his friend. While spending the day with him seemed to be the most natural thing in the world, even when they had accidentally touched earlier he didn't really mind, sleeping next to him seemed like an entire different ordeal. He put it down to Hinata moving about a lot when sleeping.

"But it'll be fun!", the redhead whined. "I wanna do it and you can't tell me not to. "

The taller boy only sighed and let it go. There really wasn't anything to say against it after all.

* * *

><p>So, after getting ready for the night, Kageyama borrowing an old t-shirt and boxers that Hinata once got from his grandma and were too big for him, they lay down next to each other on the two futons in

Hinata's room. It was a little cramped since they had to fit everything between the bed and desk but Hinata seemed happy as a child on Christmas Morning, as he lay there, wrapped up in two blankets. After all, nights were still a little chilly and the rain drained the last bit of warmth from the house.<p>

"Hey, Kageyama?", Hinata asked quietly after a few minutes of silence.

The reply came muffled from underneath the blankets. Apparently Kageyama did not enjoy the cold either. "Nh, what?"

"Today was fun."

A short pause.

"It was nice. Now sleep, idiot."

Another few moments later a slight, and according to Kageyama not at all adorable, snore rose from the general direction of Hinata's pillow.

When the air underneath Kageyama's blanket became stuffed and horrible, he stuck his head out at the top, shivering a little as the cold air outside his cocoon hit his skin.

Only about 30cm away from his face his friend slept peacefully on his side.

For Kageyama something funny happened: his breathing stopped and time with it.

He noticed the way the scent of the blankets reminded him of the laundry detergent he had noticed earlier to be the typical Hinata scent. He could smell the toothpaste on Hinata's breath every time he breathed out in his sleep. He counted the little freckles on Hinata's from the cold slightly pink nose (There were 17, not including the one on his right eyelid). He realized just how soft the redhead's hair looked, very thin yet fluffy.

And finally his eyes fell on Hinata's lips. How had he never noticed how even they were, slightly full and rather rosy. He found another freckle on the corner of Hinata's mouth and - oh it looked so very soft. His heartbeat sped up, he inhaled more deeply, every second burning itself deeply into his brain â€| he stopped himself when he noticed his hand was mere millimetres away from the lips he had been staring at for... just how long he didn't know. He pulled his hand back under the blanket.

Time spend up again, Hinata sneezed.

Kageyama turned around and tried not to find out what the heck had just happened.

After a while of uncomfortable shifting around he fell into an uneasy sleep.

The next morning right after breakfast, Hinata's mother and sister arrived back home.

The rising fog from after the rain nearly followed them into the door. And when Hinata banged the door shut to keep the mist out, it stared at them dejectedly through the window.

It was then that Kageyama excused himself and got ready to leave.

As he made to take off the jumper from the day before, Hinata quickly stopped him.

"You can keep the thing for now. It's probably cold out, just give it back some other day.", he said, waving his hands in front of his face dismissively.

Kageyama just nodded and with a polite goodbye and thank you to Hinata's mother and a friendly scowl on his face for Hinata, left and jogged towards his house.

The tall figure in the short pants Kageyama had also worn the day before and Hinata's old hoodie quickly disappeared into the whiteness of the outside world.

Over his shoulder Hinata's mother frowned and said: "I hope he gets home ok. It hasn't been foggy like this in ages, he might get lost."

The redhead simply closed the door again and turned to his mum: "Nah, he'll be just fine. Knowing Kageyama he'll most likely scare the fog away and return safe and sound."

When his mother only laughed in return, Hinata went back up to his room and plunked down on the bed.

* * *

><p>It was funny sometimes, being around Kageyama, he mused. The tall boy always seemed to broody and possibly spooky even. But he was just an ambitious volleyball player and other than that a normal teenage guy. And Hinata had meant what he said last night: He was happy to be the boy's friend. Even though they seemed so different, they somehow worked. They were a good team. And the one thing the shorter boy was certain of was, that he didn't want that to be over any time soon. Preferably never.<p>

One thing that had kept bugging Hinata since last night was the wish he had made at the shrine. Everything had seemed a little... off? at the mention of him wanting a girlfriend. Like every teenage boy he wanted a relationship. Wanted to be with somebody, feel deeply for them, do certain stuff with them... yeah. But when he involuntarily started to say the "girlfriend" it had felt weird. He couldn't think of the word, what was it again? Like a fraud? No, that wasn't it.

Fake. There we go, it had felt fake.

Coming to think of it, Hinata had never really thought about what he wanted his "significant other" to be like. Maybe he had just adopted the idea of a cute, shy, well endowed girlfriend because that's what

all the boys in his class ever talked about. What would his type be?

"Not shy, nononooo!", Hinata mumbled, turning onto his side facing the wall. Somebody shy could never deal with his kind of personality. And he didn't want anybody to cater to all his needs and whims, he was grown up and wanted to do some things for himself, thank you very much. Nor did he really care what people looked like: Shimizu-san was definitely beautiful but also way out of his league. He really did like her dark hair though, it always looked so nice in the sunlight.

Unhappy with himself he turned over again, now staring at the chair and his desk.

The chair on which a white shirt was placed to dry. A white shirt that was too big for him, Hinata. A shirt that had only very few hardly visible mud stains. A shirt that belonged to the redhead's best friend. Kageyama's tshirt.

Before it even registered Hinata had the shirt in his hand and sat up.

He held it out before him, no doubt it was huge and not his. The rain had cleaned most of the mud and it was already pretty dry.

"Kageyama must have forgotten.", Hinata said to himself. "He went out in my shirt, the one he slept in."

It really didn't bother him at all. He had enough t-shirts to spare.

"Alright, Bakageyama. I'll bring it in tomorrow. You can wash your dirty clothes yourself."

He went to put it into his school bag straight away so as not to forget it at his house like the tall bastard.

"And stinky they are, too.", he added when the eau de "Kageyama gone jogging" mixed with the scent of the mountain hit his nose.

At least it didn't smell like the sour kind of old sweat because it had been washed by the rain. So now it reminded Hinata of practice and hours and hours spend hitting Kageyama's perfect tosses. It was bliss " What, wait? Quicker than he hit his spikes Hinata removed his nose from the shirt and stuffed it down to the very bottom of his bag.

* * *

><p>The next day Hinata stood in the club room by himself. He had come in earlier than usual for school. They didn't have practice in the morning that day, so to him it didn't feel early at all.<p>

He stood facing Kageyama's locker. Even though it was called a locker, none of the ever actually locked their them. What for, if you were sure nobody would steal anything? And if so, the list of suspects was very short, for the club room itself was always locked.

He stood facing the one locker with Kageyama's t-shirt clutched in his hands. His heart was beating a little faster than it should and the redhead could feel a blush crawling up his neck, as he was staring at the locker and then back at the piece of clothing.

"Argh, what's so hard about giving a fricken shirt back to the bastard?!", he scolded himself in exasperation. Once again he looked down at the whitish shirt. Had Kageyama even realized he left his shirt? Did he even care? What if...?

What if he kept the bloody thing?

Hinata shook his head to clear it from the stupid thoughts. He reached out, opened the locker, tossed the stupid t-shirt in and banged it shut, already on his way storming out the door.

When...

...his hand touched the door, however...

...he...

...stopped in his tracks...

...slowly turned around...

...and... AND...

tooktheshirtandstuffeditbackintohisback.

Hinata squared his shoulders and took a deep breath. And then another one.

He was not one to run away from anything, not even his own decisions.

And the little redhead knew that this is what had happened: He had taken Kageyama's t-shirt back in the full intent of sleeping in it because to him it smelled good, no, perfect.

And Hinata understood, oh how he understood what this meant. He had read a lot of Natsu's manga after all.

* * *

><p>"Ich', Ni, San, Chi." â€" "Go, Roku, Chich', Hach'."<p>

"Ich', Ni, San, Chi." â€" "Go, Roku, Chich', Hach'."

And again and again Daiichi-sempai's voice, followed up by the rest of the team, echoed through the gym. Afternoon practice had just started and they were all warming up together, stretching and loosening up from sitting on horribly uncomfortable chairs all day.

Even though his voice was just as loud as everybody else's, Hinata's heart just wasn't really in it today. Neither was his mind really. It kept wandering outside the hall, across the little courtyard and up the stairs to his bag in the club room.

To the shirt.

To the consequences.

Hinata had accepted it: for some weird, twisted reason he actually liked Kageyama as something more than just his best friend. He liked liked him.

And of course it now made sense to him. How much he liked spending time with him, he he become even more clingy and excited when around him, how his rare praise made his heart swell even more than that of Suga-san.

How nice he smelled, how Hinata wanted to always do his very best around him, how his even rarer smiles made him light up every time he got his friend to smile for him. How he was more appreciative than envious of Kageyama's broad shoulders and height. How mesmerizing his dark eyes were when lost in thought and how hypnotic when concentrating on the pitch. How cute and childlike he sometimes looked when embarrassed by something, a slight pink blush on his high cheekbones.

How "Ouch!"

Hinata quickly got up again from where he had seemingly fallen over his own feet while running laps with the rest of the team. Truth be told he had been too invested in staring holes into Kageyama's head but nobody needed to know that.

"Are you ok, Hinata?", Suga-san asked in his worried tone.

"Right Hinata, no daydreaming in front of your Sempais!", Tanaka felt the need to add.

"Yeah, it's all good.", Hinata said embarrassed, scratching the back of his head. "I just need to tie my shoelaces better."

But that was not to be the only incident of the day.

* * *

><p>Hinata also did badly at his recieves because every time he tried to do it properly Kageyama would jump again, raise his arms and therefore lift up his shirt slightly.<p>

When he practised spikes with Kageyama he jumped too high or didn't hit the ball with enough force because the setter's face was just that much more interesting than the ball.

When by accident the redhead hit their captain into the back of his head with one of his more forceful spikes, Daiichi had had it.

"I don't care what's wrong with you today Hinata, but I think it'd be better for all of us if you took a break for now and got yourself together. Maybe you're just having a bad day, that's fine. But I don't want you hurting yourself or others. Do some careful stretching and then help the Coach or Shimizu-san.", Daiichi delivered the final blow to his emotional status for the day.

The redhead sat down on the side of the court, close to tears.

But even his stretching he could not focus on properly. Hinata's eyes kept wandering back to where the team was doing spikes, Suga-san tossing on one side of the field, Kageyama on the other. Watching his newly discovered crush toss for anybody but him, it was nearly too much to take for Hinata.

"I have to get myself together.", he told himself. "This is not working at all."

But that was so much easier said than done, that he found himself biting down hard enough on his lower lip to make it bleed. Quickly he wiped it off and got back to stretching, a mantra of "Do not stare at Kageyama!" repeating itself in his head.

"Oi, idiot, are you ok?"

Hinata looked up and saw the tall setter kneeling in front of him a "€" for Kageyama "€" worried look in his face. Obviously they were on a short break a... and he was staring again.

"Yes, I am fine.", he retorted but had to look away. "Just a little tired is all."

"O-Oh? I'm sorry." Now it was Kageyama's time to look away.

"What are you sorry for?", the redhead asked surprised.

"Did we stay up too late on Saturday? Because if so it is my fault and..."

Hinata looked even more amazed at a now nervous and blushing Kageyama. He couldn't stop himself from laughing.

"What, NO. Of course you didn't." And it made him feel so much better already. Maybe talking to his friend normally and being around him normally was still possible? He felt like such a fool for acting like he had.

Break ended, the team went back to their spikes and Hinata to his stretching.

* * *

><p>He was a lot more calm now but there was nothing wrong with looking a little, right? He heard the girls in his class call that "admiring " before. Yes, why would he not admire Kageyama a little?<p>

Because it made him feel bad again. How could the taller just play like nothing was wrong, still perfect and concentrated? Did he not miss Hinata on the court?

And then it hit the redhead.

As he watched Kageyama toss to Tanaka-san, the setters shirt rising up a little in the process, nice view, he realized that Kageyama did not need him. He needed the setter. He had realized it before and it had been fine with him. But his friend did not depend on him in any

way whatsoever. And the thought suddenly hurt and sat so heavy on his chest, he could barely breath for a second. But still he could not stop looking.

Looking at how Tanaka-san thanked Kageyama for the nice toss and made a joke. Looking at how Kageyama smiled a little at that, not his creepy forced smile, but the actual happy one. And that made Hinata want to punch Tanaka (screw the san!) as hard as he could and then wipe the smile of Kageyama's face the same way.

Because it was him, HIM, Hinata, who had wanted to make the setter smile. And he now realized, too that he wanted those smiles all to himself.

"A-"

When Hinata felt the tears running down his face, he just had to get out of there for now. As fast and quiet as he could, he got up and left the gym and went home.

The only thing that could comfort him that night was the scent of the stolen t-shirt seeping into his nose as he lay curled up in his bed.

6. 5 - what a single day can hold

Weird things always happened on mornings these days. How not nice, since he was never quiet awake for them and therefore they always caught him off guard.

This time, too, Hinata was lost for words when he stopped his bike the following morning on his way to school, because his best friend was blocking his path. They stared at each other for a bit, the trees next to the road just as silent as them. There was no wind at all.

Lucky for him, Kageyama decided to break the silence between them: "Good morning, idiot."

"M-morning."

Another short silence, then.

"Why did you leave early yesterday?"

Hinata once again could not look at his friend, who in return stared at him with one of his more intense stares, making it worse. Feebly he tried to find an excuse "anything" that would not make him sound like the idiot Kageyama always said he was.

"I -I ...", he stuttered and put his bike on its kickstand just to give himself something to do.

"Hinata.", the tall one pressed. Like a warning not to lie. But to the redhead it just stopped every train of thought running through his head at that time. Kageyama barely ever called him by his actual name. God, it sounded nice.

Apparently that (well, nothing) was not the right response for the

setter because he felt himself lifted by the front of his jacket and pushed against the next tree.

"Tell me what's wrong with you, idiot!", Kageyama demanded. "I don't care what it is, we (Hinata was surprised at the use of the plural pronoun) are going to fix it. The team needs you!"

But you don't, he thought bitterly. Out loud he said: "No, it doesn't. They can do just fine without me! I watched you play yesterday and..." his head dropped down so his chin hit Kageyama's hand and his sudden tears spilled onto it. "... you were fine without me.", the redhead continued through his hiccups and sobs. "The team doesn't need me. You don't need me. I was so ...so scared. I just wanted to play, be on the court for as long as I could. But if you work just as well without me, I won't get to be on the court any more. " Not on the court with you, it echoed in his head.

"I won't play without you, idiot!"

Hinata's head snapped up in surprise at this outburst and found that his face was mere inches away from Kageyama's.

Although the taller boy had started to blush in that rather attractive way again, he seemed very serious about this.

"I won't play without you.", he repeated, quieter this time. "Get that stupid thought out of your head again right this instant. You shouldn't think like that, you'll drag everyone down. I don't want you thinking like that. It's â€| it's just not right."

The words took time to register in Hinata's head. But they felt so good, enveloping him in a warm blanket of reassurance. But even more so he lost himself in Kageyama's deep blue eyes and forgot all about the world around him.

They were so close, it would be so easy to just lean forward a little and join their lips. He could feel his friend's breath ghosting over his face, warm in the morning chill.

Oh, how Hinata wanted to close the short distance between them and just feel the kiss, feel Kageyama. He was hot and cold at the same time, tried to swallow but couldn't. The redhead would have sworn later on that the taller boy was leaning down towards him a little, just like he was angling himself upwards slightly, both of them sucked in by that sudden intimacy.

"I ...", Hinata whispered. "Kageyama, I..."

Suddenly a crow erupted from the branches of the tree above them, scared by the sound of the school bell from a little distance away.

The school bell.

"SCHOOL!", they both shouted in horror and jumped apart.

"We're going to be late!", Hinata screamed in panic, trying to get onto his bike and totally forgetting about the kickstand.

"So hurry UP!", Kageyama shouted back over his shoulder, already

rushing down the street towards the school gates.

Fortunately, all this commotion gave the two of them a chance to clear their face of the sudden blushes, or at least pretend they were due to the full out sprint they had just had before class. They barely made it by the way. But during the day neither was listening to a word the teachers said. How could they with what had just happened?

* * *

><p>Even after the extra time the school bell had bought for him, Kageyama didn't know what to make of what he now referred to as "the tree incident".<p>

He knew â€" half from experience, half his Mum's beloved sappy films â€" that when somebody made your heart beat as fast as his had earlier, you were either really mad at them, sick, playing volleyball or in love. He went through the list via the lovely process of elimination during lunchbreak. He spent that one alone, too, by the way, on the roof of the school building. The clouds were oblivious to his scowl.

"Me being mad at Hinata is a very common thing.", he said. Sometimes he didn't know what he was thinking if he didn't say it out loud.

"So, I could have been mad at him for skipping practice yesterday. That is inexcusable after all... But no, I mean, I was mad at him for that one at first. But by morning, what with him being a stupid idiot that gets sick easily, I was just worried. It wasn't anger, then." He ruffled through his own hair while chewing on the straw of his sadly empty milk box.

"Was I sick?... No, I did have the nurse check during history. And I am feeling perfectly fine now, I just cannot be sick. And I definitely was not playing volleyball at that time.

That only leaaaaaves..."

He bolted upright.

"Oh, creep."

This time, even the clouds were a little frightened by his stare â€" it was the sunniest day in a while after that.

* * *

><p>Now, the thing with the two of them was this: They both liked the other. But of course they also didn't know that the other did in fact like them back. Hinata could stop himself from oogling Kageyama a little when they got changed just as well as Kageyama could when they were doing tosses and spikes. Nobody was blushing any more, but they could not really look each other in the eye. Which wasn't a problem, because if nobody is looking, who knows?<p>

But with all their hidden glances and the sudden increase of attuning to the other, their scary spikes got scarier.

Before they had worked well together.

Now they were perfect.

The setter noticed every single twitch of Hinata's feet, the tightening of his leg muscles as he was about to change direction.

The spiker in return saw every blink of Kageyama's eyes, as he was checking out where to toss to.

"What do you think happened with the two of them?", Daiichi quietly asked Suga standing next to him. He felt that having a great combination on his team was rather nice, but this felt like he was pushing his luck. No captain ever was blessed with a couple of players that good, if not for some deal with the devil that would come back to haunt him.

"How would I know?", Suga whispered in reply. "Better not complain. And knock on wood, while you're at it."

Daiichi couldn't help but laugh a little. As if he would ever comâ€

It was at that exact moment, that a ball flying at a high velocity came into contact with his head.

His smile not wavering in the slightest, he looked at Suga and said: "It was them, right."

Suga in return could not lie to the now pretty creepy smile on his captain's face. He nodded. And sealed the duo's faith. Quiet apparently they were in tune with each other, but also efficiently shutting out the rest of the world.

* * *

><p>"You are taking forever, Bakageyama!", Hinata shouted across the court.<p>

"Shut up, idiot!", said person replied, to the redhead's annoyance, whilst still with broom in hand and busy with Daiichi-sempai's disciplinary actions. "It's not my fault we are stuck here cleaning up the entire gym by ourselves."

Hinata pushed his lower lip out and crossed his arms. He might have spiked the ball that hit the Captain in his face but: "It's not all my fault either, no-o. But either way: Get it done already so we can go home!"

They were still bickering as always, something that was obviously not influenced by their newly discovered crushes, when they brought all utensils into the storage room.

"I'm telling you though, Kageyama, . you., Suga-san can't save you forever. You have to learn some proper manners."

"My manners are perfectly fine. But you really should -"

But Hinata never found out what he should or shouldn't do. Instead

the lights went out quietly unexpectedly and shortly after the redhead had finished his startled yelp, the two of them heard the door snap shut. And the key being turned in the lock.

* * *

><p>thank you so much for reading and sticking with it so far!<p>

I am very grateful for every fav, like and comment, or if I just got to make some of you laugh :)

>feedback is greatly appreciated, of course.<p>

Stick with me, it's only one or two more chapters to go

\(^.^)/

7. 6 - tying the loose ends

This is it, I guess. Thank you for sticking with me and please forgive me for being so slow to post this last one. You know the drill, real life sneaks up on you and tackles you when you least expect it. Please enjoy the (most likely) last chapter of "The two of them"

* * *

><p>It was rather dark. The lights in the gym were now mere shadows on the ceiling and the moon could barely light up the tiny squares of the windows on the sides of the building.<p>

"What happened?", Hinata whined.

All their bickering and fighting was forgotten for now. Careful not to step on anything or trip, the two of them left the storage room and walked over to the door.

"I guess the ground keeper thought we forgot to lock up.", Kageyama suggested whilst attempting to re-open the exit, unsuccessfully.

"And instead he locked us in.", the redhead added. He was looking very uncomfortable, jumping from foot to foot and worrying his lip.

"Oi, stop it." a hand shot out and painfully closed on orange hair. "We'll find a way out. I don't feel like spending the night here, either."

Quickly they realized that one could only lock and unlock the door from outside. So they spent the next few minutes trying to force the door to open, banging on it and in the end pushing the key in the gap between the sliding doors in order to somehow open the lock mechanisms. After what felt like an hour to the two of them, they gave up.

In desperation, Hinata let himself fall onto his butt, leaning his head back against the wall behind him.

"It won't open!"

When Kageyama gave no response, he tried again.

"The stupid door won't let us out, nobody heard us and I am hungry, Kageyama."

This time he got an answering grunt, but his friend kept on staring at the door as if it had offended him personally.

In the dim light it was hard to make out but Hinata focused his eyes on the â€ something that had suddenly caught his attention. He could just see a rectangular shape in the pocket of the setter's pants.

"Is that...", he started, shaking finger pointing at the object.
"...is that your phone?"

Kageyama turned his his head to face Hinata, followed his gaze and jumped ever so slightly in excitement. A phone?! They could just call Daichi-sempai and he could get them out... His hand reached into the pocket of his pants and pulled out â€ a pack of tissues.

Two pairs of shoulders sagged.

* * *

><p>"So.", Kageyama said into the silence that had followed the tissue-discovery. "Any more ideas?"<p>

Hinata just shook his head in silence and stared off into the distance. Well, to the furthest wall of the gym. This was awkward, he thought. Spending time with Kageyama alone had been on his wish list for the last few days, but this was not how he imagined it. And now they might just spend the night here. Without food. Without bathrooms. Without beds and covers. The first two ones were real problems for two teenage boys, but he could totally deal with the later one. They could just cuddle up to keep the cold away.

As if.

* * *

><p>Kageyama was not happy with how things had turned out that night. He really had not come to grips with the new situation yet. So he liked Hinata, that part was fine. But now? Was he supposed to say something? Confess maybe and get turned down? Well that would make their camping here uncomfortable. Or he could just be supportive, yeah he could try that for a start. His friend seemed rather pissed off with the entire ordeal (another reason not to confess. If Hinata somehow liked him a little, shouldn't he be kinda happy to be here?) So he would try to be nice and make this easier for the two of them. It could be like the sleepover they had the other weekend.<p>

Kageyama took a deep breath and said: "Oi, Hinata. Maybe we- !" The sound of a door closing somewhere else on the schoolground stopped him.

"Somebody is still here.", he continued instead.

Hinata, who had heard just as well as he did, didn't need any special prompting. Straight away he started shouting at the top of his voice: "HELP! WE'RE LOCKED IN, GET US OUT!" but it just echoed around the gym and probably couldn't be heard well outside. Might be due to the closed windows.

"Hinata, quick!", Kageyama ordered. He was crouching underneath one on the left side of the door and pointed to his shoulders. The redheaded caught on quickly and only with a minimal blush that couldn't be seen anyways climbed onto his friend. The tall setter stood up slowly, grabbing Hinata by his ankles when he started swaying on his shoulders. In the end the spiker got a hold of the handle and opened the window. He pulled himself up a little more and continued his shouting.

After three minutes his throat was sore and Kageyama couldn't bear the weight any longer.

"I'm sorry. They seem to be gone already.", the redhead whispered down to his friend.

"Not your fault. If they didn't hear you, they surely wouldn't have heard me.", he replied and tried to get Hinata to kneel down again, so he could jump off safely. He felt he was doing amazingly on the "supportive" part.

But as stories have to go, they somehow messed up royally and fell down with a loud "thudd!".

* * *

><p>The two of them were trying to untangle themselves, which apparently involved a lot of groaning and cursing.<p>

"Get your knee out of my face, Bakageyama!"

"Only if you stop poking my ribs with those bony elbows of yours!"

"Better?"

"NO! Now I've got your foot in my... you know, where it really hurts?"

"S-Sorry..."

In the end Hinata got up first and held out a hand to help his friend up. While Kageyama grabbed the offered appendage like it was only natural (not blushing at all while doing so, no), it didn't seem to help with actual task of getting up.

"Why aren't you helping me up, idiot? Holding my hand isn't doing any good!"

"I am trying, but you are just too fat.", Hinata pressed out between his teeth, half due to anger, half because Kageyama was heavy and as helpful as a sack of rice. "Help me, will ya."

This time he pulled with more strength and Kageyama had seemed to have gotten his arms under check and used his own muscles, too.

But as both of them were trying to overcompensate for the suspected lack of enthusiasm in the other, they ended up yanking Kageyama off the ground and straight off his feet, too.

* * *

><p>For the second time in the last days the two of them found themselves close up, pressed against each other, Hinata's back against something unmoving.<p>

Funnily enough, Kageyama thought, he didn't find this awkward at all. It was a little unexpected, one might say, but he definitely would not complain about the sudden warmth enveloping him, nor about the faint scent that came with it. It was so very... Hinata. There was no other word for it. He found himself inhaling deeply before he knew. His eyes making their way to his friend's face and locking with the redhead's hazel ones.

Hinata himself could do nothing but stare. At how Kageyama's hair was hanging in front of his face and moving slightly when he tilted his head up. How his eyebrows for once weren't furrowed into something scary, instead his friend looked surprised and a little embarrassed. How his eyes moved up slightly and then fell onto his own, wide and unguarded.

And he couldn't not do it.

What he had been thinking about for a while, what he probably had been feeling since they first met, what he had tried to hide, push to the back of his mind for so long. Hinata closed his eyes, stood up on his tiptoes and leaned forward.

Kageyama, who was still crouched down slightly from his upwards fall, noticed his field of vision becoming more blurry until it consisted only of freckles and red eyelashes.

After a moment that seemed like eternity but was over too quickly, the setter felt warm and soft lips on the right corner of his mouth.

Trust Hinata to miss at that very moment.

It was cute.

* * *

><p>The redhead was more than happy he had missed. This was too much for him, too much Kageyama to deal with already. The warmth, no... heat, underneath his lips, the fine hair that tickled his forehead, the taste of sweat and something else, the texture, the " he opened his eyes again. Time stood still.<p>

"Is anybody still here?", the ground keeper stuck his head through the doors he just opened and saw nothing but darkness. "I thought I heard something... maybe Tanuki-Kun climbed in again and can't get out..." and he left and left the door open.

Door. Open.

* * *

><p>Hinata and Kageyama stood there, frozen in their intimate position as well as time. After a few heartbeats realization dawned on Hinata and he rolled down from his tiptoes slightly and turned his head to the left to see if there really was a way for them to get home tonight after all.<p>

Kageyama was having none of that. He was feeling too many emotions, couldn't deal with the consequences and frankly didn't want to. There was only one thing he was going to deal with tonight. His arms reached out and pulled the shorter boy into a tight embrace. Their heads connected straight on, first the foreheads, then the noses, then lips.

* * *

><p>The two of them were such a mess, really, when on their own.<p>

But together, they somehow worked out quiet nicely.

* * *

><p>They both get home late that night.<p>

Walking first side by side with their shoulders bumping and later on their own. As the distance between them grows and the sound of the footsteps fades, the two of them feel that they can barely wait for the next day to come. And the one after that.

* * *

><p>Thank you so much for reading, commenting, loving (even hating, a little) and hopefully overall enjoying the experience with me. I was glad I could entertain you for few precious moments of your life.<p>

Farewell my dear readers!

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End
file.